



D^R SAMUEL JOHNSON.



D^R SAMUEL JOHNSON.

JOHNSONIANA;

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

BONMOTS, &c.

A NEW EDITION,

Considerably enlarged and improved; being
the only Jest Book extant, proper to be
read in families, in which no obscenity, or
profane oath is to be found.

By Dr. JOHNSON, and OTHERS.

TOGETHER WITH THE

Excellent MORAL SENTENCES,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

OF

PUBLIUS SYRUS,

And of the most eminent WRITERS,

ANTIENT AND MODERN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, in Fleet-street; J. RIDLEY,
St. James's-street; W. SHROPSHIRE, in New Bond-
street; W. DAVIS, in Piccadilly; T. EVANS, in
the Strand; WALLIS and STONEHOUSE, in Lud-
gate-street; RICHARDSON and URQUHART, at the
Royal-Exchange; and W. FLEXNEY, in Holborn.

MDCCLXXVII.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

C. John Craven. $\frac{4 \div 6}{55}$
H. L. du J. J.
Achete à Erin
383 pms Exal.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

INTRODUCTION.

THE Editor of the present edition of *Johnsoniana*, thinks it incumbent on him, in behalf of the publishers, to acknowledge with gratitude, the favorable reception given to the first; and though he thinks it necessary to continue the following account of the origin of the work, he requests the reader after perusing it, to attend to the improvements he has made, which he hopes will merit a decisive preference.

“ The greatest part of these Bon
“ Mots were collected by a person
“ of rank and good sense, lately
“ deceased,

ii INTRODUCTION.

“deceased, at his leisure hours.
“As he was, in the limited sense,
“a *bon vivant*, they were, for the
“most part, the produce of his own
“circle, which was composed of men
“of the first wit and conversation.
“Being a great admirer of doctor
“Johnson, whom he respected as a
“man of deep learning, strong sense,
“and general observation, he was par-
“ticularly accurate in collecting all his
“*Bon Mots*, which he arranged under
“the head of ‘JOHNSONIANA.’ What
“future use he intended by this col-
“lection, his sudden death, which hap-
“pened some time since, prevented
“from being known.”

In this state the former editor re-
ceived them; but, finding there were
not a sufficient number of doctor John-
son's

INTRODUCTION. iii

son's to make a volume, he adopted the title, and added such others as he could collect, which he thought would not disgrace it.

But either through hurry or inattention, he was not so scrupulous in his selection, as was consistent with the veneration due to the great name from which he derived his title: some obscene, and some very old and common jests unluckily found a place.

It is acknowledged on all hands, that the sensible bon mot, the witty pun, and the lively smart repartee, greatly enliven conversation, exhilarate the spirits, and increase social mirth.

But one capital error has prevailed in all books of this kind hitherto

A

extant

iv INTRODUCTION.

extant, both in French and English. They contain so many obscene, indecent jests, tales, riddles, epigrams, songs and toasts, that it was impossible to lay them out of a gentleman's hands, without running the hazard of corrupting some youthful mind, of insulting some chaste female, or of offending some sober family.

Not less reprehensible is the insertion of profane oaths, which never add either wit or refinement to an elegant Bon Mot. Yet why debar modest and decent persons of both sexes from books, which if not impure, tend to enlarge the ideas, to fertilise conception, and to mark the road to ease and eloquence in conversation?

Charmed with the liberal idea of communicating innocent pleasure in
the

INTRODUCTION. v

the most extensive manner imaginable, the present Editor has expunged all indecent, low and hackneyed jests; and he dares present this edition to the most austere philosopher, or rigid matron: yet he flatters himself it will not be found the less entertaining, by those of all ages and ranks, who prefer decent wit and good sense, to indelicate and immoral ribaldry.

Far from denying, that he has borrowed from other jest books, a pretension which would be easily refuted, he makes it a boast, that in order to complete his little volume, he has gone through the drudgery of reading upwards of fifty; from which he has selected and preserved,---those that were the most replete with genuine wit and humour, and the seldomest repeated.

vi INTRODUCTION.

He has likewise endeavoured to discriminate one species of jests, or witty sayings, from another; having observed, that the gentlemen who value themselves most upon this current coin of genius, too often mistake copper for silver, and silver for gold.

He has marked *Puns* with a capital P. *Bon Mots* with B. M. and *Repartees* with an R; and in this place he attempts a definition. It is submitted to the curious critic, and wherever he thinks him wrong, it will be easily rectified by altering the letter with a pen.

PUNS he considers as the lowest species of this kind of wit, being in general no more than a play upon words; and, when the word, on which the pun is made, does not bear the same meaning

INTRODUCTION. vii

ing as the word punned with, he has rejected it as unworthy his notice. Such is the following, "a gentleman having two prodigal *sons*, who daily plundered him, a neighbour advised him to sue the county, because he had been robbed between *sun* and fun."

A *Bon Mot* is a sensible, witty remark, or jest, couched in the concise and most intelligent terms, on a subject of conversation, instantaneously; but does not imply the necessity of something smart or witty being the prelude to it. Thus, "when the company were waiting with dinner upon the table for a physician who was gone to amuse himself in a church-yard; it was a *Bon Mot* to say, he was only gone to visit his old patients---but it is observable, that it arose out of a common enquiry after the doctor, not from

viii INTRODUCTION.

from any thing smart immediately preceding it---This the Editor thinks is the second degree of wit.

The REPARTEE he esteems to be the third, and the most valuable. It necessarily implies, that a very witty saying or remark has fallen from the lips of a sensible man, and seems to infer a superiority of vivacity, alertness and judgment to be able to make a more animated reply.

This perhaps is the reason, why we find so few *Repartees* in our jest books in proportion to *Bon Mots*; and as these again are more difficult than Puns, so are they more scarce.

Milton's repartee to James Duke of York, p. 128; and the young lady's

INTRODUCTION. 12

lady's to beau Nash, p. 131, are preserved as excellent in their kind.

The little fragment of PUBLIUS SYRUS, annexed to the first edition, gave so much satisfaction, that it is continued in the present; but as on many subjects he was thought to be rather deficient, the editor has subjoined a number of elegant sententious sayings or maxims, from writers of eminence, both antient and modern.

As a further recommendation of these, let it be remembered, that they are the origin of Bon Mots; and contribute greatly to the attainment of a pure, correct, concise, and elegant style of writing.

T. M.

A. Captain

[1]

JOHNSONIANA;

OR,

A COLLECTION

OF

BON MOTS, &c.

UPON the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works, by David Mallet, Dr. Johnson was asked his opinion of the author and the publisher. "Why, Sir," says Johnson, "I look upon them both to be a couple of atheistical highwaymen: my lord, for loading the piece up to the muzzle against the peace and happiness

B

of

A. C. (1)

[2]

of society; and Mallet, for drawing the trigger." B. M.

Doctor Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth, in one of the most interesting scenes of that affecting piece, he, and the whole company in the box where he sat, were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued until the end of the act, when the doctor turning about with great contempt, cried, " 'Pshaw, Sir, how can you be so mistaken? *Your place* lies in the *shilling gallery*." P.

Some years ago doctor Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation: Foote in-

listed that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary: this dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, " You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years." B. M.

The above wits at another time having a conversation about national learning, Foote observed, however deficient the Scotch were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the most learned nations in Europe. " Oh! Sir," says Johnson, " you are very much mistaken upon that point: I grant you they have all a *mouthful*

N. Sheep

[4]

of learning, but not one of them a *bellyful*." P.

A well beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which last he said he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks on his egotisms; but Quin being of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty, yellow hands, he immediately called out, "So, so, Doctor, I think you do keep your *glebe* in your *own hands*." P.

Dr. P-----, an Irish parson, and a remarkable ordinary man in his person, having a neat parsonage-house, very
cu-

A General

[5]

curiously furnished, was one day shewing it to doctor Berkely, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. "Well, my lord," says the doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, "you see what a nice *marriage trap* I have got here." "Why, yes, doctor," says the bishop, looking him full in the face, "I see you have; but I do not half like the *bait*." R.

When madame Barré became the mistress of the late King of France, such an elevation, from one of her mean circumstances, necessarily became the topic of conversation. Some young fellows talking this matter over one night at the English coffee-house in Paris, a gentleman present said, he remembered her when she was to be had for a *six livre piece*. "Very true,

Sir,

N. jug Boy

[6]

Sir," says another, " but she is now risen to a *louis*, P.

The late Charles Townsend going out of the House of Commons one day (when Serjeant Hewit, the present lord chancellor of Ireland, was floundering on some dull law question) he was met by a friend in the lobby, who hastily asked him, " Whether the house *was up* ?" No, Sir," says Mr. Townsend very gravely, " but the *Serjeant is.*" P.

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*. " Faith, Sir," says the wit, " I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear wife.*" P.

Some

Some time before the late marquiss of Granby's death, he happened to be at a coffee-house at Scarborough, when he was much solicited by a pedlar to buy some tooth-picks. "Well," says the marquiss, "what is the price of your tooth-picks?" "A guinea a-piece, Sir," says the pedlar. "A guinea a-piece!" replied the marquiss. "Why, friend, tooth-picks must be very scarce in Scarborough." "No, my lord," says the fellow, (letting him see he knew his rank) "but *marquisses* are." R.

When Dr. Johnson was first patronised by Lord Chesterfield, (which was at his Lordship's particular request) the doctor called on him one morning, and being shewn into an anti-chamber, either from the mistake of the footman, or his lordship's paying a preference to other company, the doctor was left wait-

waiting there for two hours, without his lordship's appearance. Johnson growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the house, and from that hour resolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this lord Chesterfield endeavoured all he could to recover Johnson's friendship by writing two essays in favour of his Dictionary in a periodical paper then publishing, called "The World," as well as by other indirect solicitations; but all in vain, Johnson was not only resolved, but wrote his lordship word so, in a very remarkable letter, wherein with great dignity, and philosophic pride, he begged leave to be dismissed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble lord met the doctor in Dodsley's shop, who beginning the conversation, asked him how he could desert a man who had been
so

J. Taylor
[9]

so *serviceable* to him in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as lord Chesterfield was. "Serviceable to me, my lord!" says Johnson; "in no respect whatsoever: I had been for years sailing round the world of literature, and just as I was getting into the chops of the Channel, his lordship sends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. No, no, my lord Chesterfield may be a *wit amongst lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongst wits*."* B. M.

* This retort his lordship could never forgive, and in all probability it occasioned the caricatura he afterwards gave of doctor Johnson, in one of his letters to his son.

C

Quin

Q.

White was he

[to]

Quin complaining of his old age and infirmities one day in the public rooms at Bath, a pert young coxcomb asked him, "What would he give to be as young as he was?" "I do not know," says Quin, measuring him very contemptuously; "but I should be almost content to be as *foolish*." R.

During the run of the comedy of the West-Indian, Mrs. Clive went one night to Drury-lane theatre to see the piece: after the play was over, she was asked by Miss Pope, who went with her, how she liked King, in the part of Belcour? "What my old friend Tom," says she, "Oh! very well, except that vile inattention to his dress, which he never can get rid of." In what particular, says the other? "Why," says she, "did you never

never take notice of the large pair of *curling-tongs* that's eternally peeping out of his coat-pocket?"

A certain bishop, being at court, and observing a lady, who was very corpulent, talking to the late princess dowager of Wales, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth, both of whom were utter strangers to him, he addressed himself to the young gentleman, and with an insinuating air, after some compliments, asked him if he knew who that *fat sow* was, who was in discourse with her royal highness? *Yes, my lord*, replied the youth, with great modesty, *that fat sow is the ambassadress of Sweden, and mother to the little pig, who has the honour to speak to your lordship.* R.

W. C. Thier

[12]

Some time after lord Townsend had given up his commission in the guards, on account of the late duke of Cumberland's refusing him leave of absence for three days, he went one morning to the parade, where colonel F----- (who was remarkable for being a *tale-bearer* to his royal highness) was looking over the exercise, in order if any thing was wrong, to report it. Upon seeing lord Townsend come up, "What Townsend," says he, "though you have left us, I see you still come here as a *spectator*," "Aye," says the other; "and between us both, I think we must *improve* the men, as you come here as a *Tatler*." P.

The above nobleman, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty close to the enemy

N. Cooper.

[13]

enemy, was so very thoughtful (as is usual with most officers on their first battle,) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was shot off just before him, though he received some of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer observing this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouse him, by telling him the best way in these cases was not to think at all. "Oh! dear Sir," says the other, with great presence of mind, "you entirely mistake my reverie, I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a quantity of brains." R.

His late Majesty one day asked a very old gentleman in the circle, what physician and apothecary he made use of, to look so healthy at his time of life?

Sir, replied the old gentleman, *my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass.* R.

Baron B-----, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected some years ago at Bath secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs-room*, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live." P.

Two country attornies, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore-

horse was so fat, and the rest so lean?
the waggoner knowing them, answer'd,
*That his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the
rest were his clients.* R.

A gentleman, remarkably fond of
intelligence, and very troublesome to
his friends on that account, meeting a
courtier, asked what news? *Why, Sir,*
replied he, *there are forty thousand men
risen to-day.* To what end, said the
first, and what do they intend? *Why,*
to go to bed at night, answered he. R.

An eminent physician, who had ac-
customed himself to expect exorbitant
fees, having attended a sick lady for
some time, and received from her *two*
guineas for every visit, was very much
surprised when, at length, she gave
him but one; and affecting to look on
the

A Trunspeter.

[16]

the ground, as if in search of something; the lady asked him what he had lost, *Madam*, replied the doctor, *I believe I have dropt a guinea*; No, Sir, retorted the lady, it is I that have dropt a guinea! This rebuke rendered him more moderate in future. R.

An arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse-stealing, the judge immediately cried out, Oh! here is a noted villain, I am sure! Why, sirrah, I can see the rogue in your face. *Indeed, my lord!* says the fellow, *I wonder at that; for I did not know my face was a looking-glass, till your lordship saw yourself in it.*

A gentleman of fortune happening to kill another in a quarrel, he was
ac-

seuilles perdu'ice.

A. Cutler

[25]

Sir Francis Blake Delaval having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman; Look ye, said he, I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*. P.

When Foote heard of the above gentleman's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day, Jewell, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, Sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head*." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with some

E

sur-

surprize, he asked, " And what the devil will they get there? I am sure," says he, " I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it." P.

The death of the late Mr. Holland, of Drury-Lane theatre (who was the son of a *baker* at Chyswick) had likewise a very great effect on Foote's spirits; being a legatee, as well as appointed, by the will of the deceased, one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chyswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house, when an acquaintance coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his

A. Frigate.

[27]

his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him *shoved* into the *family-oven*." P.

When the late Sir John Hill first launched into the literary world, he, amongst *other voluminous works in all sciences*, wrote several *farces*, which he recommended very strongly to Mr. Garrick for representation; Garrick, however, not judging them to possess merit enough for the stage, politely refused them, which so irritated the doctor, that he constantly squibbed at him in the news-papers, some of which he at that time commanded: Garrick bore all very patiently for some time; at last thinking it necessary to hint to the world the occasion of this antipa-

E 2

thy,

l, Man of War

[28]

thý, he told it to the public in the following very severe epigram :

“ For phyfic and farces

His equal there scarce is ;

For his *farces* are *phyfic*, and his *phyfic*
a farce is.”

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea : after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account. “ Oh, madam,” replied the doctor, “ I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*” R.

Foote being engaged to a rout of lady Harrington's, found the ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering
the

A. Galtland...

[29]

the drawing-room, he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Foote," says her ladyship, "you must not be kept standing, take a chair." "You are very obliging, my lady," says the wit; "but there appears to me to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room." P.

Doctor Johnson sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the ladies, by way of heightening the good-humour of the company, agreed to toast ordinary women, and to match them with ordinary men. In this round, one of the ladies gave an old house-keeper of doctor Johnson's, blind of an eye, and another matched her with doctor Goldsmith: this whimsical union so pleased the former lady, that though she had
some

A. Con

[30]

some pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *'propos* of her last toast. "Aye," says Johnson, "this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, that the quarrels of women are made up like those of antient kings; *there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*" B. M.

A little after the death of Sir William Stanhope, brother to the late earl of Chesterfield, his lady (whom Fame had taken some liberties with before) married captain C-----, of a marching regiment; who had little besides his commission for his support. When lord Chesterfield was first told of this circumstance, two or three of the family present were arraigning the very great

im-

imprudence of the match. "Not at all," says his lordship, "as for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; she married for a *cloak*, and he for a *coat*." B. M.

A certain gambling peer married a lady of easy virtue. His lordship being asked his opinion of the alliance, said, "It is no wonder *brimstone* and *cards* should make *matches*." P.

A certain justice of the peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud priest has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor, said he, *you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.*

Why

really, Sir, replied the parson, the King has lately made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it. R.

Lord S-----h, after the first day of the naval review at Portsmouth, having asked a clergyman, Whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? the reverend ecclesiastic replied, Yes; especially as I observed your lordship to be in the midst of it. R.

At Mr. Fordyce's sale at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a *pillow*, on which a gentleman asked him, what particular use he could have for a single pillow? "Why," says Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well

A. Steffer

[33]

well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed so much*) could sleep upon it." B. M.

Counsellor Harwood, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his bon mots; being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: "My lord, I am counsel in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this *soldier* here---" "Stop, Sir," says the ignorant military hero, (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am *an officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very drily. "Why then, my lord, to speak

F

more

more correctly ; this officer here, who is *no soldier*---." P.

A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time---whereupon a friend of his very archly observed, that though he had a *habit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding habit*. P.

It is related of Lord Chief Justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, that being once upon the bench at the Old-Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Curiosity induced him to enquire the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom

whom he was once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of *Tom* such-a-one, and *Will* such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, *Ab! my lord*, said he, *they are all banged but your lordship and I.* B. M.

A gentleman going the Chester road, observed the following inscription cut on one of the windows of the inn where he stopt at: "My lord D----- has the *softest* kissing lips in the world:" upon which he took out his pencil, and wrote underneath;

"Then, as like as two chips

Are his *head* and his *lips*."

B. M.

W B 19

[36]

Doctor Johnson, being in company with a number of the literati, who were rather deciding with some severity on the abilities of a certain Scotch author, one of them called him a dunce. "No, Sir," says Johnson, "now, indeed, you abuse him, the fellow is no dunce, but he is a *damned fool*." P.

When the late Sir William Stanhope was married to Miss Delaval, there being before no prospect of issue in the family, he waited on his brother, the late lord Chesterfield, one morning in great spirits to tell him, that *now* there was the greatest prospect of an heir for the family, title, and estate. "Why, I do not know, brother," says the other, very drily, "but what *Stanhope and Co.* may do much." B. M.

Foote

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "Pshaw, its worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving *to make a guinea go further than any other man.*" P.

The peace of Utrecht sticking in the house of lords, queen Anne found it politically necessary to create a majority by calling up twelve commoners to the house of peers. The celebrated duke of Wharton, who was in the opposition, took care to be in the house the day of their introduction, and as they passed by him, very deliberately counted

W. B. R.

[38]

counted out aloud, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Well, gentlemen of the jury, *who shall speak for you ?*"

Mr. Prior being in France, was shewn the court of Versailles ; and in particular, the paintings of *le Brun*, wherein the victories of Lewis XIV. are described : a French officer asked him, whether King William's actions were to be seen in the English palace. No, Sir, replied Mr. Prior, *my master's actions are to be seen every where but in his own house.*" R.

General E----- being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was performed so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it : as soon as the curtain closed,
and

and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished, "*The Stage Coach*, Sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, Sir," says the General, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*." P.

When the king of Denmark was in England, a long knight, well known by the name of *Sir Timothy Tallboy*, was very industrious in being his gentleman-usher at all public places, tho' the king spoke but bad English, and the knight worse French. After his majesty's departure, Sir T----- was bragging to lord Chesterfield upon what an intimate footing he was with the king. "Good God," says my lord, very gravely, "how report will lie!

Why

Why I heard there was a constant disagreement between you. "Between us," replied the knight! "Why I do not know," says his lordship, "whether it came to an absolute breach or not; but this I am very well informed of, that there was a great deal of *bad language* between you." P.

The above knight being at a private audience with lord Chesterfield some months before his death, the former, by way of complimenting his lordship on the regularity of his life, told him he would die *by inches*. "Do you really think so," says his lordship? "Indeed I do, my lord," says Sir T----. "Why then," replies the other, measuring the full length of the knight with his eye, "my great comfort is, that I am not so *tall* as you." R.

An

Michael Courtenay

relations, one of whom had a very bad character, it happened in the warmth of stating their grievances, that the one gave the other the lie. "Lie, Sir," says the man with the bad character, "know, that is amongst the actions of my life I *dare* not do." "My dear friend," says the counsellor, "do not be in a passion: upon my soul, you have too *mean an opinion of your own courage.*" P.

Quin being at a Bristol feast, where the company was all extolling a *ham*, an alderman, who had cut pretty deep in it, was observing, "that for his part, he saw no reason why the Bristol hams should not be as valuable as the Westphalia; our *bogs* are every way as good, and we feed them as well," says he. "Aye, but, Sir," replied Quin, "consider,

" consider, it would be *murder* to *kill* them." P.

When Foote heard that doctor Kenrick was going to give a public criticism on his comedy of the Cozeners, at Marybone, " Well," says he, " let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents ; *a fall in the garden*. B. M.

When Sir Henry Marshal, uncle to the late Sir Henry Bankes, was rising off his knees after being knighted by his late majesty, he happened to stumble ; upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologized to the king, by telling him, " He had loaded him with so much honour, that he could not *well stand* under it. P.

Lewis XIV. of France taking Kille-grew, the famous jester to Charles II.

A Tode...

[44]

into a gallery full of pictures, among the rest, shew'd him the picture of Christ upon the cross, and ask'd him if he knew who that was? Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answered, *No.* *Why,* said the king, *I'll tell you; this is the picture of our Saviour upon the cross, and that on the right side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own.* Whereupon Killegrew replied, *I humbly thank your majesty for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.* R.

The late lord Chesterfield, a little before his death, was so infirm, that whenever he went out in his coach, the horses were generally led step by step; in this situation, he was one morning

A. H. L.

ing met by an acquaintance, who congratulated his lordship on being able to take the air. " I thank you kindly, " Sir," says his lordship ; " but I do not come out so much for the air, as for the benefit of *rehearsing my funeral.*"

Queen Caroline having some distant notion of enclosing St. James's-Park, *entirely for the use of the Royal family,* consulted the same noble lord about the expences : his lordship startled at the proposal, at first waved his opinion ; but at length being pressed to it, he replied, " Why then, madam, I think it may cost you about *three crowns.*" P.

Quin's kindness to Mr. Thompson, author of the Seasons, &c. is too universally

A. Quin

versally known to need mentioning here. As they were sitting together one night, Thompson, after expressing his gratitude for the many favours he had received, cried out, "Well, "Quin, now I can not see how you can do any thing more for me, except *chewing* the bread you have given me." "Have a care, my friend," says Quin, "do not trust me with that, for if I once come to *chewing*, I will be damned if I do not *swallow it*." P.

Quin
The very first time doctor Goldsmith was introduced to Lord Shelburne, the conversation, in a very mixed company after supper, began to turn upon politics; when the doctor (who was, at times, the most *etourdiè* of any man upon earth) very gravely calls across the table, "Pray, my lord, what

V, ~~Malagrida~~ [47]

what is the reason the public call you Malagrida?" "Indeed, doctor," says the other, rather confused, "I do not know." "Why really," continues the doctor, "it is very surprizing, for Malagrida, your lordship knows, was a *very honest man*."

As his late majesty was returning from one of his excursions to Hanover, his carriage happened to break down between Helvoetsluys and the Brill, on a part of the road where he and his attendants were obliged to take what accommodations they could get at an hedge, gin-house, until another carriage was got ready. The articles of refreshment they had were coffee for his majesty, and two noblemen who were in the coach with him, and four bottles of gin for the domestics; yet the

A. Badger

[48]

The honest landlord, knowing what guests he had in the house, made his account for this poor fare amount to the enormous sum of *ninety pounds*: the bill being brought to the late lord Ligonier, who was with the king, he railed at the fellow's extravagance so loud, that his majesty over-heard him, and insisted upon knowing what was the matter; being told, he shook his head, and smiling said, "Come, come, my good lord Ligonier, pay the money; kings, I believe, seldom call here."

A German observing that the arms of the republic of Venice are a lion with wings, asked a Venetian, what country produced winged lions; the same, replied the Venetian, in which two-headed eagles are to be found, the arms of Germany. R.

AN

Taylor

W. Taylor

A. O. Prince

[49]

An honest French dragoon in the service of Lewis the Fourteenth, having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words, told him he would let him escape that time; but if ever he found him there again, he'd throw his *bat* out of the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he posted away to a place, where he knew the king was to pass, and throwing himself at his Majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The king asked him what his offence was? He told him how he had been abused, and that he had thrown the man's *bat* out of the window. "Well, well," said the king, laughing, "I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation, I think you were much in the right to throw his *bat*

H

out

out of the window. “ Yes, Sire,” said the dragoon, “ but *his head was in it.*” “ Was it so?” replied the king; “ well, my word is past.”

When Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*; on the other, *The commonwealth of England.* “ I see,” said he “ God and the Commonwealth are on different sides. P.

Colonel Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First’s judges, died a day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where, that Cromwell was dead; “ No,” said a gentleman, who knew better, “ he has only given *Bond* to the devil for his farther appearance.” P.

An

An empty, pragmatical attorney, calling one morning at the chambers of a certain witty counsellor, the latter asked him how he did? "Faith I do not know; I am not at all *myself* this morning." "Why then I congratulate you much," says the other; "for if you are any body beside *yourself*, I will be damned if you are not a *gainer by the change*." P.

The honourable Charles Fox, coming one morning from lord North's le-vée with the late Mr. Dyson, who had but just recovered from a fit of illness, and in consequence looked very badly, Mr. Fox offered him part of his carriage home, "No, no," answered Dyson, "I have *business* at the *Pay-Office*." "At the Pay-Office!" says Fox, "You certainly must mistake;

your *business* should lie at the *Virtual-ling-Office*." P.

A great personage riding out one morning on Richmond-Hill, being struck with the situation, neatness, and elegance of the late Mr. Blanchard's house, asked whose it was? Being told it belonged to a *card-maker*, "Why," says his m-----y, with some surprize, "one would think all this man's cards had turn'd up *trumps*." B. M.

The above personage meeting doctor Johnson in the Queen's library, being informed who he was, very condescendingly went up to him, and enquired after his health. In the course of some conversation his m-----y asked, "Why he had not written more" "Why, Sire," says Johnson, "I do not know; I think I have written enough."

enough." " Why, so should I too, doctor," replied his m---y, " if you had *not written so well.*" B. M.

Foote happening to spend the evening with two dignitaries of the church, the conversation insensibly turned upon a point of polemical divinity, which the two churchmen took up on different grounds, with great vehemence and strength of argument. Foote, during the contest, took no other share in the debate, than in recruiting their spirits, by constantly keeping their glasses filled: at last one of them turned about, and begged that as he could be at times as argumentative, as witty, he would step in as an arbitrator of their differences. " I thank you kindly, gentlemen," says Foote, very gravely; " but I have always made it a rule never to interfere in *family affairs.*" B. M.

Charles

Charles the II^d. being at hazard one Twelfth night at court with the duke of Buckingham, and others, a well-dressed sharper, who stood behind the duke's chair, took the liberty to pick his pocket of a diamond snuff-box, which was very valuable. Just in the instant of his stealing it, the king happened to fix his eyes on him; on which the sharper, with great presence of mind, put his finger up to his nose, thereby insinuating it was done out of fun. The king knew the world too well to be gulled even by such an artifice, but however held his tongue. Some time after, the duke missing his box, his majesty told him the circumstance. "Good God, Sire," says his grace, "why did not your majesty tell me of it in time." "Oh!" says the king, "I could not do that, I *was upon honour*."

Old

Mr. Governor

[55]

Old serjeant Maynard, an eminent lawyer, being presented to William III. on his accession, his Majesty complimented him on his great age; to which he made this fine reply, " I have indeed survived great numbers of my brethren; and if your majesty had not come in time to prevent it, I should have outlived the law itself." B. M.

When doctor Johnson was last in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very antient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country. " Well, Sir, says his guide, " what do you think of this prospect?" " It is the finest in all Scotland," says the doctor, " for I can here see *the road to England.*"

About

Johnathan

[56]

About three years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C----- B-----n, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B-----n seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on.*" "Why sure," says Mr. B-----n, "we do not drink so *hard.*" "No," says the wit, "but there is so *little* wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg.*"

Foote

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually does ; the duke of C-----d, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, " Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things." " Do you, my lord duke," says the other, " why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life." P.

When Mr. Sheridan gave his Attic-evening entertainments at the Hay-market theatre, about five years ago, in which he recommended *oratory* as the grand specific, not only for all our mental, but political disorders, a lady of doctor Johnson's acquaintance asked him his opinion of Sheridan's abilities. " What, my old friend Tom," says
I the

the doctor, " why, madam, the fellow's no *natural*; but he is a *damned blockhead by art*." B. M.

Foote being at supper one night at the Bedford coffee-house, just after Garrick had performed Mackbeth, the conversation very naturally turned on the merits of that great performer, when after many eulogiums on the universality of his powers, it was allowed that he was the first actor *on* any stage. " Indeed, gentlemen," says Foote, " I do not think you have said above *half* enough of him, for I think him not only the *greatest* actor *on*, but *off* * the stage." P.

* It was from this hint, perhaps, doctor Goldsmith took the idea of Garrick's character, in his poem called, Retaliation.

Dr. Johnson happening to sit in a coffee-room, where a dog was very troublesome, he bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said, if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. "Sir," said a young coxcomb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs." "No," said the doctor, "nor of puppies neither." P.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly *old bock*; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *bic, hæc, boc*: however, the waiter paid no attention to

his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the *hock*. “ Really, gentlemen,” said he, “ I thought you had *declined* it.” P.

A clergyman being deprived for non-conformity in the reign of James II. he said “ It would cost some hundreds their lives.” Many understood this, as if he would be a mover of sedition, and complained of him; but upon being examined he said, “ his meaning was, *that he would practice physic.*” B. M.

An Irish clergyman at Bath being on the return to his own country (but insensibly detained by the pleasures of the place) took leave of his friends
several

several times for that purpose, but in vain. One morning, after taking what he called a *positive* farewell of a family he was very intimate in, the lady of the house happening to go to the public rooms that night, spied him very busily engaged at a game of *Pharoah*. "What not gone yet, doctor," says the lady? "No, madam," replied the parson very much confused, "we have been suddenly wind-bound again." "Ah! doctor," says she, "I am afraid you are rather in the situation of *Joseph*; *Pharoah* will not let you go." P.

The last lord Holland (who was perhaps the fattest man of his height in England) and his brother Charles coming out of the Thatched-house one night together, a chair was called for

for the former, who altering his mind, agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting; the chairmen, however, being disappointed, he gave them a shilling. "Long life to your lordship," says Paddy, "six-pence more to your poor chairmen." "What," says he, "have not I given you your full fare." "O yes, your lordship; but, *consider the fright.*" B. M.

Lord Chesterfield and another gentleman paying a morning visit together, just as the latter had stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. "Good God, my lord," says he, much surprised, "I was near being gone."
"Why,

"Why, yes," says my lord, very coolly, "but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you went." B. M.

It was wittily remarked by his lordship, that "whenever our court demanded from that of France a *categorical*, they generally received an *allegorical* answer." B. M.

A young nobleman who had just arrived from his travels, full of the follies of youth, and the vanities of his rank, was rattling away at a great rate one morning at the Smyrna coffee-house; he in particular took great pains to let the company know of what consequence he was abroad, by the number of valuable presents made him at
the

the several courts of Europe: " For instance, now," says he, " I have got a *bridle* given me by the king of France, so exceeding rich and elegant, that, upon my soul, I do not know what use to make of it." " A *bridle*, my lord," says an old gentleman, who sat in the corner. " Yes, Sir," says his lordship. " Why then, I think, the best use you can make of that is to *put it about your tongue.*" B. M.

In Louis the XIVth's time, the French players being at law with the Italians, whom they wanted to hinder from acting in *French*, the king was willing to take cognizance of their difference himself, and accordingly ordered a deputy from each company; *Baron* from the *French*, and *Arlequin* from the Italians. When they came before

A. J. Leitch

[65]

before the king, Baron spoke first, who according to his usual manner, made a very grave, serious speech. Arlequin followed him, who after some apish tricks, asked the king, "*How he would have him speak?*" His majesty meaning only to apply to the present time, replied, "*Speak as you like best.*" But Arlequin turning the words to his own advantage, quickly replied, "I most humbly thank your majesty, and shall immediately report *this decision* to my brother comedians."

Henry the IVth of France, on a famous protestant phyfician having quitted his religion, and becoming Roman catholic, turned about to the duke of Sully, who was with him when he heard it. "Well, Sully, what do you think of your religion, now it is *given over by the phyfician?*" P.

K

The

As, I am the best of men

[66]

The same monarch, being much addicted to women, asked a lady of his court, which was the way to her bed-chamber. "Sire," said she, "the only way to my bedchamber is through the church." R.

When doctor Johnson was last in Scotland, he was waited upon at Edinburgh by the celebrated doctor Robertson, author of the History of Scotland, Charles the Vth, &c. In the course of his enquiries of Johnson, what he had seen in the town, the doctor asked him whether he had been at the *kirk*; and if not, whether he would accompany him there the next day. "With all my heart, doctor," says Johnson, "I should like to see the *kirk*, because it *was* once a church." P.

Pope Sixtus V. while he was cardinal, feigned himself broken with age
and

and infirmities, and stooped to excess, looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the chair. It being observed to him, soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done, "I was looking for the keys of St. Peter," said he," but, having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop. R.

When queen Elizabeth was at Osterly, near Brentford, the seat of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, she observed to him a wall at one side of the garden, which confined, in some respect, the prospect. Sir Thomas seemed to take no further notice of her majesty's remark at that time than to coincide in it; but as soon as she was retired to her chamber, he had prepared a number of workmen, in readiness, who had the wall entirely

K 2

pulled

Building the tower at the point

pulled down by morning. The queen upon her walking the gardens was surprized at the alteration; but turning about to Sir Thomas, with great readiness, observed, " She did not wonder that he who could build a 'Change, could so readily change a building.

That eminent antiquarian Wood being in company with doctor South, the celebrated preacher and punster, was complaining to him of his not being able to make *water*, and asked him what sign it was? " Why," says the doctor, " shall I speak *gravely* to you? it is a sign you will soon make *earth*." B. M.

An eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was slender in understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop where doctor Johnson was,

African man

European man
69

was, took up a volume of poems, and by way of shewing his taste, repeated with great affectation the following line:

“ Who rules o’er freemen should
“ himself be free.”

Then turning to the doctor, “ What do you think of that?” said he. “ Rank nonsense, Sir,” replied the other; “ it is an assertion without a proof; and *you* might with as much propriety say,

“ Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat.” P.

Many years previous to doctor J---’s writing *The False Alarm*, *Falkland’s Island*, *The Patriot*, &c. he was sitting with a lady at Chelsea, who was shewing him from the bow-window of her drawing-room what a fine prospect it commanded, and in particular observ-

ed,

ed, what a clear view there was of the *palace*. "What palace, madam?" says J-----, "'Pshaw; there can be no palace where there is no k---." B. M.

When Foote was last in Ireland, he happened to see at the Castle, one levée day, a person in the *suite* of the lord lieutenant, whom he thought he had known for many years to have lived rather a life of *expediency* in London; to corroborate his suspicion, he asked lord Townsend who he was? "That is one of my *gentlemen at large*," says his excellency: "Do you know him?" "O yes," says Foote, "very well; and what you tell me of him is very extraordinary; first that he is a *gentleman*; and next, that he is *at large*." P.

A gen-

A gentleman in public company complaining, that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another not over-loaded with sense told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions ; “ I always get, (says he) a thin piece of lead out of an *India* chest, and fit it to my shoe for that purpose.” “ Then, Sir, says the former, you are like a rope-dancer’s pole, you have lead at both ends.” P.

It is usual for players of very inconsiderable rank at both the London theatres, when they get down to the country in the summer, to exert all their influence to fill those characters, for which they think their genius (however their ill-stars may have opposed it) originally designed them. A Mr. Perry, late of Covent-Garden theatre, being manager at Canterbury,
a few

a few summers ago had the presumption to play the part of Richard the Third, when a gentleman in the pit asking who he was? "His name is *Perry*," said the person he applied to. "Ah!" says the other, shaking his head, "would it were *mum*!" P.

The Mrs. *Reddish*, that was *Miss Hart* (for the gentleman from whom she takes her name, has had so many *female connexions*, it is impossible to distinguish them, but by their original names) playing the queen in Richard, one night at Drury-Lane theatre, and being rather of a coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote, who sat next him, who she was? Being told her name was *Reddish*. "Reddish! Reddish!" says the gentleman, endeavouring to recollect her. "Aye, Sir, added the wit, *Horse Reddish*."

At

A. B. Roy

[73]

At the time of the Jubilee at Stratford, planned and conducted by Mr. Garrick, in honour of Shakespeare, the weather in general (though early in September) turned out very bad; particularly the day appointed for the public procession, which obliged that part of the ceremony to be dispensed with. Garrick meeting Foote on the morning of this day in the public breakfasting-room, just in the moment of a very heavy shower of rain. "Well, Sam," says he, rather disappointedly, "What do you think of this?" "Think of it," says Foote: "Why, I think, it is *God's revenge against Vanity.*" B. M.

Counsellor C----- being with a party at Hampton, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled
L out

A Girl

[74]

out before dinner into the church-yard, which is adjoining to the tavern. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprize, where he could be gone to. "Oh!" says the counsellor, "he is but just stept out to pay a visit to some of *his old patients*." B. M.

A gentleman remarkable for being very silly, called one morning on the above counsellor, who asked him what news? "Why," says the other, "I do not know, my head is confoundedly *out of order* this morning." "That is extraordinary news, indeed," says the counsellor. "What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the head-ach!" "No, Sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for so *simple a machine*

to be out of order is very extraordinary indeed!" B. M.

A young "prating coxcomb," who had just got a commission in the Middlesex militia, was rattling away one morning at the Smyrna coffee-house, about his very great knowledge in every branch of the manual exercise, when a half-pay veteran officer, who sat by, laid him a wager, to be decided by the company, he did not know the *first* word of command. The wager was accepted, when the veteran marched out into the center of the room, and putting himself in a military posture, cried out, "*Silence.*" P.

A certain nobleman, not educated in the school of morality, said one evening in a public-place, he was im-

patient to hear from *Hell*; alluding to the place called Hell-Gate at New-York. "Why so impatient, my Lord?" cries a gentleman near him, "your lordship will soon be there, in *propria persona*." P.

A gentleman being lately asked, whether he thought the American prisoners would be tried here, gave it as his opinion that they *could* not; "for," added he, "the Americans are of that *peculiar character*, that it would be impossible, in this country, to find a sufficient number of good and lawful men, as the statute directs, to let them have a trial by their *Peers*." B. M.

Some gentlemen being disappointed of their supper, in point of time, one night at the Bedford-Arms, the master
of

of the house made an apology, by saying it was owing to a ridiculous quarrel between the cook and the scullion, about who was the greatest traveller. So whimsical a dispute not only pacified the company; but they immediately determined to decide this difference themselves, by ordering up the combatants face to face. When they were introduced, the scullion, who seemed by his appearance to have the best of the fray, was first interrogated, who declared he had travelled both by land and sea, twice to Gravesend, and once to Canterbury. The cook, who by many evident marks had been well foused in the dripping-pan, was just entering on his peregrinations, when one of the company cried out, " Pray, gentlemen, what need you ask him any questions; do

do not you see he has been *all over Greece?*" P.

When C----- F-x first heard of his sister-in-law, lady M---y F--x being brought to bed of a son and heir, he was called out of what he calls, The Jerusalem-Chamber, where he had a large *levée*, to be informed of the circumstance. On his return, seeing some little kind of disappointment perhaps in his face, the whole tribe of Levi almost unanimously called out, "Var. is de matter?" "Bad enough, indeed," says C-----s, "here is a *second Messiah* come to plague you all." B. M.

Lord N----, who is remarkable for reclining his head on his shoulders, having lately declared in conversation, that

that he would rather lay his shoulders on the block than give up any point to the Americans, a gentleman present whispered in the ear of a friend, "the thing seems to me to be already *reversed*; for the block is laid upon his lordship's shoulders." P.

A gentleman in opposition, said lately, in the vehemence of argument, that he hoped to be accessory to the bringing the same noble lord to *condign punishment*. A wag observed, you may spare yourself the trouble, my good friend, for should his lordship be *condemned*, he will get off by *pleading his belly*. P.

In a coffee-house at the west-end of the town, as a veteran casuist for liberty was exclaiming against lord Sandwich for issuing out press-warrants, his harangue

range was cut short, by a gentleman observing archly, that he was glad, at length, to hear patriots themselves complain of the *press*. P.

A gentleman once asked doctor Johnson "What was his real opinion of Macklin, for I hear," says he, "he is very clever." "What, Macklin clever!" says the doctor, "No, no, Sir, the fellow is a *constant renovation of hope*, with an *eternal disappointment*." B. M.

The first night that Savigny (who was a cutler by profession) appeared at Covent-garden theatre in Barbarossa, lady Harrington, who sat in the same box with Sir Francis Delaval, being much affected, turned about to the knight, and observed, "He was really
very

very cutting." "Oh! dear madam," says Sir Francis, "I am not much surprized at that, consider he is a *razor grinder*." P.

When the celebrated doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," says Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack---Quack---Quack*." P.

Upon the grandfather of the present earl of Albemarle's getting the blue ribband, who was previously a knight of the thistle, he was spoke to by lord P---re to solicit the late king for his former ribband. My lord Albemarle accordingly took the first opportunity to present lord P----'s

M duty

duty at the levée, and ask the favour.

“What! give him a ribband,” says his majesty, “a fellow that has always been voting against the court. How could you ask it, Albemarle?”

“Sire, said my lord, he means to be more grateful for your majesty’s favours for the future.” “Well, I do not care for that, he’s a *puppy*, a mere *puppy*, and shall not have it. The king having said this, was turning on his heel, when Albemarle cries out, “To be sure, Sire, there is no contradicting what you say; but then what is a *puppy* without his *collar*.” P.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was *Russel*, “Pray,” says the gentleman, “is your *coat of arms* the same as the duke

duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*." P.

When lord Chesterfield's letters to his son first came out, a gentleman was asking doctor Johnson, whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world? "O yes, Sir," says Johnson, "very much so, they inculcate the *morals* of a *w---e*, and the *manners* of a *dancing-master*." B. M.

A gentleman who had long danced attendance at the late duke of Newcastle's levée, being one morning cooling his heels in the anti-chambers, along with a number of other unfortunate solicitors, one of the company was praising the elegant stucco

Compare the 3

of the cieling. "Yes, yes," says the gentleman, "it is really very elegant, and what is more, it is of a piece with the flooring." "How can that be, Sir?" says the other. "Why do not you see, Sir, *as well as I*, that both the *top* and *bottom* of the room is *full of fret work*." P.

The late lord Chesterfield being at the above nobleman's levée, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to his grace, happened to lie in the window, his lordship took up the book, and was reading it, just as the duke entered. "Well, my lord," says his grace, "I should be glad of your opinion on that book?" "The best book in the world," replied his lordship, "for one that attends your grace's levée." B. M.

His

His grace, who was at times a great idler for a statesman, being one morning at the king's leveé, running up and down about the room, with a face of much importance and enquiry, a lady asked the dowager lady Townshend, who was present, what she thought the duke was looking for. " O Lord," says she, " for nothing at all, madam, but the *two hours* he has lost in the morning. B. M.

A Jew, who was dressed out in a tawdry suit of laced cloaths, giving in bail before lord Mansfield, serjeant Davy, who was council for the plaintiff, put the question very close to the Israelite, to know whether he was worth the sum of money, clear of all debts? The Jew several times answered in the affirmative; but the serjeant still persisting in his interrogatories, my lord turns to the serjeant,
 " Poh!

"Poh! Poh! brother Davy, how can you teaze the gentleman so, do not you see *he would burn* for much more?" P.

Soon after madame Barré got the honour of the guards, which was for a long time violently opposed by the duc de Choiseul, she was engaged in a party of whist at court, when the duke and she were partners. In the course of the game they happened to be *eight*, (a number well known to entitle the party to call) when the countess held three honours in her own hand, upon which she asked her partner, the duke, (as is usual) "Can you one?" "No, madam," replied his grace. "Why then," says the countess, giving him a very significant look, and at the same time shewing her cards, "*you see, my lord duke, I can get the honours without you.*" P.

When

When the *Coterie* was first established, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club. One of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in *private*, was however for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being *three*; “for,” says she, “suppose a lady and gentleman might happen to meet first, would it not be a very awkward situation?” “Not at all, madam,” said lord H---t---gton, who happened to be present, “for *you* know, a gentleman and lady can readily make a *third*. P.

A sharper of the town seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him: in order to introduce himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, “*Do you*

you smoke, Sir? "Yes," said the gentleman, "*any one who has a design upon me.*" P.

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the duke of G-----n, lord B-----e, George Selwyn, and a country squire, whose wife had lately eloped, the latter was one day after dinner extolling for a long time the fine fair for *horned* cattle he had on his estate, when Selwyn, heartily tired of such conversation, proposed cards. "Stop a while," says the duke, "I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here presently." "Do you so," says Selwyn, flapping the squire, who set sat next to him, upon the back, "why then, my friend, we shall have a *horn fair* of our own." P.

When

When doctor Brown, who was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, took leave of the university, he did it, as usual, in form from the rostrum. It is always allowable on these occasions for the fellow-commoners and students to shew their marks of approbation, or disapprobation. When the doctor accordingly mounted the rostrum, the whole audience began to *bis*; upon which he immediately replied, "*Laudamur ab his.*" P.

The same gentleman being in company; when he was called upon for a toast, gave a lady he was very fond of. "Aye, doctor," says one of the party, "I have known you toast this lady for a great many years." "Very true," says the doctor, "but

N

you

you see I cannot make her *Brown* yet." P.

The late Mr. Rich's abilities, as a Harlequin, are universally known. Coming home one night from the play-house, he got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun-Tavern, Clare-Market: it happened as the coachman was driving by the window, Rich perceiving it to be opened, threw himself out of the coach into the room: the man, not taking notice of this circumstance, drew up, and getting from his box, opened the coach-door, let down the step, and then taking off his hat, waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight: at last looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a
few

few hearty curses on the rascal that had bilked him, and remounting his box, was driving home. Rich, watching his opportunity, on the coachman's return, threw himself in at the window again, and calling out, as loud as he could, bid him turn about, for he was going wrong. The fellow, almost petrified with the circumstance; did as he was ordered, and once more drew up to the tavern door. When Rich got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he offered him his fare. "No, God bless your honour," says the man, "I cannot think of taking any money from you." "Pshaw, you are a fool," says Rich, "here is eighteen-pence for you." "No," says the coachman, who by this time had mounted his

Page 1 of 1

box, "that will not do; I know you too well, though you do *wear shoes*: and so Mr. *Devil* for once in your life you are flung."

Shuter being one night very merry at the Bedford coffee-house, the conversation happened to turn on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor, when amongst many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was observed as somewhat extraordinary that though he was so excellent an actor himself, he was far from being lucky in his pupils. "Why," yes," replies Shuter; "though the *little* one is a *great* one, he is something like the famous running-horse Childers, the best racer in England *himself*, but could never get a colt." B. M.

A gen-

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpris'd to find that he punctually paid him; the same person being soon after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, "No," said the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second time." P.

A gentleman and his servant on a cold frosty morning riding through a river together, the gentleman's horse stumbled, and threw him into the water, and soon after fell to drinking: at which the man laughed heartily. "Sirrah," said the master, "do you laugh at me?" "No, Sir," says the servant, "I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink

drink without a toast this cold morning." P.

Rochefoucault (the French Rochester of Lewis the XIVth's court) having offended the king, hired a dung cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his majesty was passing through the streets of Paris, in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell to wrangling with one of the king's postillions, which occasioned so much noise, that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his majesty, replied, "Nothing at all, Sire, but that

that *your coachman and mine* have had a fracas together."

Some time after the late lord Waldgrave abjured the catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present, the duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the *ministers* of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion? "Good God! my lord duke," says Waldgrave, "how can you ask me such a question? Do not you know that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, *I left off confession?* R.

The

The celebrated earl of Dorset, having a great desire to spend an evening with Mr. Butler, author of *Hudibras*, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits accordingly some time after met at a tavern, when upon the first bottle Mr. Butler was rather flat; on the second he broke out the man of wit and reading; but, on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation, very inferior to the author of *Hudibras*. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship how he liked his friend Butler? "I do not know any thing better to compare him to," says his lordship, "than a *nine-pin; little at both ends, but great in the middle.*" B. M.

A beggar asking an alms under the denomination of *a poor scholar*, a gentleman

gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow, shaking his head, said he did not understand him: "Why," said the gentleman, "did not you say you were a *poor scholar*?" "Yes," replied the other, "a *poor one indeed, Sir*, for I do not understand a word of Latin." P.

A little after lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt) had *changed* his *political sentiments* in regard to the protection of Hanover, in the course of replying one day in the House of Commons to the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, he threw out some sarcastical reflections on him for appearing on the stage; upon which the other got up and acknowledged it was true: youth and whim led him *once* to amuse himself that way: but he could safely lay

O

his

his hand on his *heart* and say, "*He never acted but one part.*" R.

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called upon a gentleman who was in company, to deliver his opinion. "Cousin," said she, "do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?" "I'm sure, Madam," said he, "I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years." R.

A tallow-chandler having had some candles stole, a friend of his bid him be of good cheer; "for in a short time," says he, "I am confident *they'll all come to light.*" P.

A judge upon a trial, asked an old man, an evidence, what age he was,
"I am

"I am eight and fourscore, my lord," says he, "and why not fourscore and eight," says the judge; "because," says he, "I was *eight* before I was *fourscore*." R.

"Sirrah," says Justice Fielding to a lad brought before him, "you are an arrant knave;" to which he replied, "just as your worship spoke, the clock struck *two*." P.

During the first city poll for lord-mayor, when Mr. Wilkes was a candidate, a liveryman came to Guildhall in a sedan-chair to give his vote: Wilkes seeing the chair come into the hall, jocularly turned about to alderman Halifax, and said, "This is not for me I am sure; for I am a beggar, and cannot afford it." "Nor me neither," says Halifax, "for I am

a bankrupt, and can less afford it.”
 “Aye, but,” replied Wilkes, “the
 ministry can.” R.

Some years ago doctor Arne produced an operetta at Covent Garden theatre, called the *Rose*, which (though there were many *scriptural allusions* in it) was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance what he really thought of it. “Why, baiting the *piety* of it, says the wit, I must confess I never saw a piece so justly *damned* in my life.” P.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner wrote on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the

the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he therefore wrote the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now
forbear,

For old English service is much more
sincere:

You've sent me ten hearts, but the
tythe's only mine,

So give me one heart, and take back
t'other nine.

A school-master being very angry one day with one of his young scholars, for writing his name upon the wainscot, was going to whip him; but the boy begging earnestly, the master said, *He's a fool, and ever shall, that writes his name upon the wall.* Sirrah, what say you to that? To which the

lad made answer, "*He's a fool, and ever shall, that takes a WAINSCOT for a wall.*" R.

The late earl of Chesterfield being *very deaf* some years before his death, a gentleman, who had just come from the levée, was telling him, that he had heard his lordship was talked of to be lord lieutenant of Ireland. "Very probably, Sir," says his lordship, "for I am sure I am fitter for that employment *now* than formerly, because *I can bear none of the people's complaints.*" R.

The late celebrated David Hume, being asked by an intimate friend, if he was not much surprized that General Conway should be appointed secretary of state: after a solemn pause, he replied, "No, Sir; the political interests

rests of Great Britain are best supported by *men of war*. P.

The late disputes between Mr. Reddish and the new managers of Drury-lane theatre having very much engrossed the conversation of the town, a gentleman in company, after reproaching the actor for haughtiness and self-conceit, asked with some vehemence, "Who is this Mr. Reddish, does any body know any thing of his origin and family?" "No," replied a lady, with great vivacity, "nor is it to be expected, *for he sprung up like a Reddish*. B. M.

Lady H-----n and the honourable Mrs. F-----y playing a party at picquet one night at the Coterie, lord H---g---n asked them what they played for? "O!" said the ladies, "we
are

are only playing for honour. “ *Why then,* says his lordship, *there will be nothing for the cards.*” R.

An Irish country gentleman, who was rather an œconomist for the meridian of that country, whenever he found his guests disposed to push about the bottle briskly, used frequently to enter into a panegyric on the virtues of his daughter, which being a subject the company were in good manners obliged to listen to, answered the desired intent. One day boasting how much she saved him as an œconomist, a gentleman present, seeing the bottle stand before him for above half an hour, exclaimed, “ And besides all this, gentlemen, there is not a year of his life she does not likewise save him above a *tun of wine.*” R.

The

The late King being fond of old Whiston, (celebrated for his various strictures on religion) happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton Court gardens, during the heat of his persecution; as they were talking upon this subject, his Majesty observed, "That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself." "Is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man. "I really am." replied the king. "Why then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your majesty have been at this time?" R.

A certain political writer, on the Tory side of the question, in the same reign, being bribed over to the court

P

interest

interest by a pension ; one of the party he had deserted, taxed him with the meanness of being a turn-coat, and asked his reason for quitting the party for a bribe ? To which the author answered, “ That he had seven very substantial reasons for it, viz. a wife and six children.” B. M.

The bench of justices having denied licences to every publican, who had John Wilkes, esq; for his sign, a spirited person, who was a sufferer on this account, said in his own vindication, on the above occasion, “ That he was no friend either to John Wilkes or his cause, and therefore had him *hung up in effigy*, to shew his real principles ; but if he had undesignedly given them any offence, he was ready to pull down

John

John Wilkes, and *hang up the whole bench of justices* in his stead." R.

One Hoops being apprehended upon suspicion of felony, two very corpulent men came to bail him. The justice, being thick of hearing, asked an officer what they said; who answered, "Marry, Sir, these *tubs* are come for *hoops*." P.

The first night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, a lady was observing to a gentleman, who sat near her, what a number of *Jews* were in the house, "O Lord, madam," says he, "I do not wonder at that; consider they are come to try the value of a diamond." P.

P. 2

Some

Some time after the publication of Ossian, doctor Blair, who wrote notes on that celebrated *equivocal* performance, after highly applauding it before doctor Johnson, asked him, whether he thought there was any man living could write such another epic poem? "O yes, Sir," says Johnson, "*many men, many women, and many children.*" R.

When Foote first heard of the above doctor's writing notes to Ossian, (a performance the *reality* of which has been much doubted) he observed, that the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchasers. "Why so," says a gentleman present. "Because," says he, "they are *notes* of damned *long credit.*" P.

When Wilkinson, the celebrated
come-

comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded so well in, as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off, was the late Luke Sparks, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it; consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "Very true," Sir," says the other, gravely; "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*." R.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like
an

an owl. "I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your Majesty's person." R.

Doctor Hough, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a great deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass that the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas; the servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but
par-

particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear Sir," says the bishop smiling, "I think it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had a dry season, and now, I hope, we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen *the glass so low* in my life." P.

Lord Mansfield, being willing to save a man who had stolen a trifling trinket, desired the prosecutor to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which he cried out, *ten-pence*, my lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *ten times the sum*. Oh, says his lordship, we must not hang a man *for fashion's sake*." R.

Foote being at a nobleman's house over a bottle with him, the wit was commending the claret as some of the best he ever tasted: upon which the nobleman told him he had that hogf-head of wine in return for a couple of hounds which he some time before presented to Count L-----. "Why then, my lord," says Foote, "I think your wine not only excellent, but *dog cheap*." P.

The present duchess of Kingston, when Miss Chudleigh, having obtained for her mother a suite of chambers at Hampton-Court, his late majesty, some time after, meeting her at the levée, asked her how her mother liked her new apartments? "Perfectly well, Sire," says the other, "in point of room, and situation, if the poor

The poor

poor woman had but a bed, and a few chairs, to put in them? “O, by all means,” says the king; and immediately gave orders for furnishing her bed-chamber. In a few months after this order, the bill was brought in, which ran thus: “To a bed, &c. for Mrs. Chudleigh *four thousand pounds.*” The sum was so great the lord-chamberlain would not pass the account until he shewed it to the king. His majesty immediately saw how he was taken in; but it was too late to retract: he accordingly gave orders for the payment, and observed at the same time, if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed *as hard as he did*, she would never lie down on it as long as she lived.” P.

“If you marry, (said a father to his daughter,) you will do *well*; if you
 Q do

do not marry, you will do *better*." "If that's the case," replied the daughter, "get me a husband as soon as you can, I shall be content to do *well*; I leave it to others to do *better*." R.

Some years ago, two comedians belonging to Covent Garden theatre having a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to doctor Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, Sir," addressing himself to the first, "you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah," says the other,

other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, Sir," says the doctor, "I have a word to say to you before you go; which is this, that as for you, Sir, *you cannot sing at all.*"

A few years ago serjeant D----- being concerned in a cause which he wanted to put off a few days, asked the present chief of the K---g's B--ch when he would bring it on? "Friday next," says his lordship. "Will you consider, my lord, Friday next will be *Good-Friday.*" "I do not care for that," says the chief, "I shall sit for all that." "Well, my lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a good Friday since Pontius Pilate's time." P.

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, which, after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its *age*, he sent round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very *curious*," says his lordship? "perfectly so indeed," says the other: "I do not remember to have seen any thing *so little of its age* in my life before." B. M.

A gentleman asking doctor Johnson why he hated the Scotch so much? the other replied, "You are mistaken, Sir, I do not hate the Scotch; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element*; but I do not like

to

to have them hopping about my bed-chamber." B. M.

Dr. Johnson being asked his real opinion of the writings of Mr. Hoole, (author of *Cyrus*, *Cleonice*, &c.) replied, "They were such as a wise-man should be ashamed to remember." B. M.

As lady B--- L---, now lady T-----, was presiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M-----, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire*"--- "Nor am I, my lord," says she with great readiness, "from *such sparks* as you."

A king's friend exulting over a patriot on the news in a late extraordinary Gazette, told him "there was an end to the American opposition, as New-York was conquered:" "Not so," replied the patriot, "it is only like the ministry---*abandoned*." R.

Lord S-----h once asked a clergyman at the bottom of his table, "why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson?" "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but the question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future, without thinking of your lordship." R.

A young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circum-

circumstance. At last one of them rather impertinently put the question to him, "How he managed to have such good luck?" "Why, madam," says the other, "I knew they could not *live* without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way." B. M.

A gentleman having a remarkable *bad breath*, was met by a celebrated Irish wit at Lucas's coffee-house, who asked him where he had been? "I have been taking the air this morning," says he, "which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a damned *North wind* full in my face all the time." "Come, come," says the wit, "don't you complain, for the *North wind* had the worst of it." P.

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under

der an expensive prosecution in Doctor's-Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of *The Gamesters*: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the other act?" "Oh! very easily," says Moore, "there I intend to put them both in the *spiritual court*." R.

The dowager lady T----- some time since hearing the dutchess of B-----d was going to be married to lord C----, was asked by a lady present what she thought of it?" "Oh! dear madam, very well," says the other; "I think it a *good thing* for both." B. M.

A

A well known literary character being introduced to doctor Johnson, the doctor was some time after asked by a mutual friend how he liked him: "I protest, Sir," says Johnson, "the man seems to be a mighty good sort of man; but as to his being a man of letters, I believe he has *written* more than he has *read*, and understands less than *either*." B. M.

The celebrated Paddy Blake being often told by lord B---r---n that he had wrote his name down for a majority, Paddy met him one morning at the Leveé, when his lordship being about to give him his hand with all the air of court friendship, "Stop, my lord," says Blake, "t'other hand, if you please, for I'm sure, if you had not a palsy in this, you would have done

R

my

my little business for me long before now." B. M.

The above natural wit, going into a woollen-draper's shop, in Cornhill, to buy a suit of clothes, asked for some of his best *red scarlet*. The lad of the shop judging Blake from this question, as well as from his appearance, to be a proper person for jesting with, first took down a piece of brown cloth, afterwards a piece of blue, and then several other colours, all of which he assured him were the very best *red scarlet*. From the innocency of Blake's mind, he was some time before he could see the joke; at last watching a proper opportunity, he struck the lad a blow in the face, which immediately brought the blood streaming across the counter. "Ah! Ah!" says Paddy, "what

" what a pity we could not hit it off before; that's the very colour I wanted." P.

On the promotion of the present chief of the K---- B---- to the degree of serjeant, he presented, as is usual, rings to the several judges and serjeants. The motto which he chose on this occasion being *Audax et Vigilans*, a counsel, who is since called to the latter degree, observed " it was a very proper motto for a HALL watch dog." B. M.

Lord B---r---n having written an official letter to a general officer rather couched in severe terms, the officer shewed it to some company he had with him at supper, when one of the company observed, that he did not think his

my little business for me long before now." B. M.

The above natural wit, going into a woollen-draper's shop, in Cornhill, to buy a suit of clothes, asked for some of his best *red scarlet*. The lad of the shop judging Blake from this question, as well as from his appearance, to be a proper person for jesting with, first took down a piece of brown cloth, afterwards a piece of blue, and then several other colours, all of which he assured him were the very best *red scarlet*. From the innocence of Blake's mind, he was some time before he could see the joke; at last watching a proper opportunity, he struck the lad a blow in the face, which immediately brought the blood streaming across the counter. "Ah! Ah!" says Paddy,
 " what

" what a pity we could not hit it off before; that's the very colour I wanted." P.

On the promotion of the present chief of the K---- B---- to the degree of serjeant, he presented, as is usual, rings to the several judges and serjeants. The motto which he chose on this occasion being *Audax et Vigilans*, a counsel, who is since called to the latter degree, observed " it was a very proper motto for a HALL watch dog." B. M.

Lord B---r---n having written an official letter to a general officer rather couched in severe terms, the officer shewed it to some company he had with him at supper, when one of the company observed, that he did not think his

lordship could *read*, let alone *write*.

"You are very much mistaken, Sir,"

says a nobleman present, "his lordship is well known to have *dipped* deep in *Harrington's Oceana*." P.

A lady of wit and gallantry being accompanied in her visit to the two universities by a stupid young nobleman, it was observed by one, who knew the parties, how ill her choice was in respect to a conductor." "Not at all," says a gentleman present, "I think it highly in character; *Minerva*, you know, was always accompanied by an *owl*." B. M.

Soon after Pope Benedict XIV. who was a man as much above the pedantry of forms, as he was above all taint of superstition, ascended the
papal

Pope and Minerva

papal throne, he was one day giving audience to a cardinal, who the moment he came into the presence-chamber, as usual, made his obeisance; the pope, in return was putting his hand to his tiara, when the master of the ceremonies stopt him short by whispering to him, it was below the dignity of a pope to return any salute. "O! I cry your mercy," says Benedict, out loud, "I have not been long enough in office yet, to *forget my good manners.*" B. M.

The late marshal Saxe; though he obtained many laurels for the crown of France, yet on account of his being a Lutheran, at his death was denied many of the religious ceremonies of interment. Upon this occasion the late queen of France, with whom, as well

Handwritten signature: Christopher Columbus

well as the whole court, he was a great favourite, observed it was hard that a man, who had so often caused them to sing *Te Deum*, should not have one *De profundis*." B. M.

A certain judge being some time since on the home circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle. In the course of the evidence, the counsel for the crown dwelt rather sarcastically upon the prisoner's being an attorney. "O, Sir," says his Lordship to the counsel, in a whisper, "do not make the case worse than it is; if the fellow had been an *attorney*, you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* too." B. M.

The

The late lord Chesterfield, notwithstanding he was so much a man of wit, and of the world, was, until not many years before his death, well known to be a constant dupe to gaming; inso-much that he never went to a watering-place, that he had not a crowd of sharpers hovering about him. Being at Bath, some years since, he engaged at a billiard-match with the celebrated Charles Jones, which was no sooner known than the room was crowded with black-legged gentry, who all betted in favour of Jones. The match continued for some time, in which my lord never turned a game, and in consequence lost considerably. Jones, who only played for a guinea himself, seeing this, and having been often *patronized* by his lordship, thought it a good opportunity to shew his gratitude,

rude, by declining the game, and telling his lordship the reason. "Well, well," says my lord, with great coolness, "admitting that to be true, if these gentlemen do me the honour to attend me from place to place, surely it is the least I can do to *support my attendants.*" B. M.

James II. when he was duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles I." Our immortal bard made the following reply. "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications of the wrath of heaven;

heaven; in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me*, for I have only lost my eyes; but he lost his head." R.

A young lady of quality being asked by a dignified clergyman, on her return from a visit she had paid to an old maiden aunt, what sort of a place her aunt's residence was; said, "that it was like heaven, where they are neither married, nor given in marriage." B. M.

As a farmer was sowing his ground, two pert fellows riding by, and attempting to be witty, one of them called to him with an insolent air; "Well, honest fellow, 'tis your busi-

S

ness

ness, to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may truly, for I am sowing, *bemp.*" R.

A mistress of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some fault, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation. "Nay," says the mistress, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me, madam," said she, "it is only the reflection of your face." R.

A gentleman in liquor, being taken into custody for riotous behaviour by a constable of the night, began to expostulate with him; upon which the constable answered, "Sir, I am his majesty's

*July 11th at 13.45
from the
Museum*

jesty's representative, and I shall *not* regard remonstrances." B. M.

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who had taken the name of *Linch*, "I see," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an *Inch*, has taken an *L*." P.

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as *Nash* and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There's a smart country girl, I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "so, child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see;" "yes, Sir," answered the lady: "and you have been

a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope:" "yes, Sir." "Pray now," says he, "let me examine you: I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog; now can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, Sir," says she, "his name was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was." B. M.

A gentleman being in the anti-chamber of a certain great assembly, the day after a very full masquerade at the Pantheon; and hearing that the president was unable to collect a sufficient number of fellows to make a house,---he jocosely observed, that the gentlemen had not had time to pull off their masks; to which another replied, ---O, Sir, that cannot be the reason, for they come here much oftner in masks, than without them.

A SHORT
ACCOUNT of the LIFE
OF
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

IT is one of the principal misfortunes of the moderns, that some of the finest monuments of the wit and judgment of the antients are lost to us, through the ravages of time. The exalted characters given by many well-known authors of antiquity of their predecessors and cotemporaries, and the fragments of some of these themselves,

themselves, afford many melancholy proofs of the truth of this assertion.

In this mutilated list, none appears to have had a higher reputation than PUBLIUS SYRUS, an author scarcely known in the present day, so few of his works have come down to us; but so celebrated in his own time as to lead the drama; a department of writing in which he particularly excelled. PUBLIUS was born about the time of Cicero; he was a Syrian by birth, and, from that circumstance, called SYRUS. He received his education at Rome, in the condition of a slave; but had so singular a genius for wit, and the writing of comic pieces, as soon to obtain his freedom.

Being

Being solicited by Julius Cæsar to bear a part in his plays, he succeeded so highly in the opinion of the best judges, that he challenged all the dramatic writers and actors, and won the prize from every one of them, even from Laberius himself. Cæsar openly declared in favour of Publius against Laberius, on account of the intrinsic merit of his pieces, and the elegance of his style: Cassius Severus calls him *most excellent*; and Avienus writes, “ that he abounded with *true humour*.”

The opinions of three such names surely must be allowed to stamp the highest reputation: Yet alas! all that we have left of this celebrated antient is, *the following Collection of Sentences*, which Joseph Scaliger thought so highly

highly of, as not only to bestow on them the greatest encomiums, but to translate them into Greek; and which we, following so great an authority, now first introduce to the public, in an English dress.

1. 2. 9

5-0

1. 7. 9

3 12.3

5-0.0

3 2.3

THE

Book of Countess

fourpence half penny per line

THE
FRAGMENTS
OF
PUBLIUS SYRUS,
AND OTHER
ANTIEN T PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAP. I.

Of Love and Women.

LOVE may be produced by choice,
but you cannot when you chuse
get free from it.

Love may slip out of the heart, but
it will not be forced out of it.

T

To

To love and to be wise is hardly granted to a God.

Love is a heat subject to sudden chilness: a sweet full of bitterness; a pain producing pleasure; making the thoughts have eyes, and the heart ears; it is bred by desire; nursed by delight; weaned by jealousy; killed by dissembling; and buried by ingratitude.

A lover knows what he would have, but not what he ought to have.

Love is an ornament to a young man, but a disgrace to an old one.

A lover's dreams rise out of his waking suspicions.

Tears will soon soften a lover's resentment.

An angry lover tells many lies to himself.

A passionate man in love is always a liar.

Venus

Venus may be ruled by persuasions,
but not by threats.

What gives the wound of love cures
it.

Love and royalty bear no equals.

A good face is a silent recommenda-
tion.

There is no medium between hating
a woman, or loving her.

That man who is married to a
peaceable and virtuous woman, being
on earth hath attained heaven; being
in want hath attained wealth; being
in woe hath attained comfort.

Women who paint themselves to
appear beautiful, deface the image of
their Creator.

Beauty without virtue is like poison
concealed in a gold box.

When a woman is openly scandalous,
she has some goodness.

When a woman thinks by herself,
she thinks wickedly.

In evil council, women exceed men.

To rule the passions of women is a
desperate undertaking.

A virtuous wife rules her husband by
obeying him.

A woman who marries many, pleases
few.

When an old woman is amorous,
she but courts death.

Women in their wills are peremp-
tory, and in their answers sharp; yet
like falcons they will stoop to a gaudy
lure.

Women who are chaste when they
are trusted, prove wantons when they
are causelessly suspected.

C H A P

C H A P. II.

Of Friendship and Agreement.

THE union of benevolent minds
is the nearest kindred.

Prosperity procures friends, but adversity proves them.

Trust to your friend so far as, that
your enemy may not hurt you.

Deal with a friend as if he might
one day turn your enemy.

A reconciled enemy should be cautiously dealt with.

Reconciliation is made dear by former disagreement.

Truth is lost in too much altercation.

A true

A true friend neither hideth a secret,
nor denieth money.

A friend is in prosperity a pleasure;
in adversity a solace; in grief a com-
fort; in joy a merry companion; and
at all times a second self.

By indulging the vices of your friend,
you make them your own.

He that will not bear the admoni-
tion of a friend, deserveth to feel the
correction of a foe.

You must love a parent that does
his duty, and bear with one who does
not.

Concord among brethren makes
trifles considerable.

The agreement of the vicious is
easily upon a small occasion broken;
but the friendship of the virtuous en-
dureth for life.

As

Sum
B

As great floods in proportion as they are divided into small rivers lose their strength ; so friendship cannot be amongst many without abating its force.

11
my
L
C H A P.
L
J. Smith

C H A P. III.

Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE complaints of men have made fortune a goddess.

It is easier to procure prosperity than to retain it.

Misfortune can most easily attack the great.

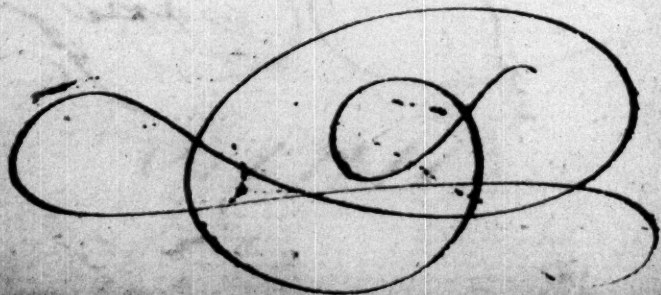
Fortune is variable, she immediately demands again what she has given.

Whatever is done through confidence in fortune, is ill done.

Fortune flatters only to deceive.

Fortune is as glass, or a bubble which breaks while it is shining.

To



To him that is fortunate, every land
is his country.

Fortune hath no power over discre-
tion.

Fortune is a mistress easy to find, but
hard to keep.

Fortune makes a fool of him whom
she long careffes.

No fortune is so good as not to be
complained of.

Let the guilty fear the law, the in-
nocent fortune.

Fortune never is content by giving a
single wound.

Fortune never excells wisdom.

Man knows not what to wish, or
what to fear, so transitory are all
things.

Fortune makes him grateful whom
nobody ever saw.

U

No



No hour that is good to one, but is bad to another.

Successful knavery is the misery of the virtuous.

Miserable is he who has no enemy.

You can call nothing your own which is liable to change.

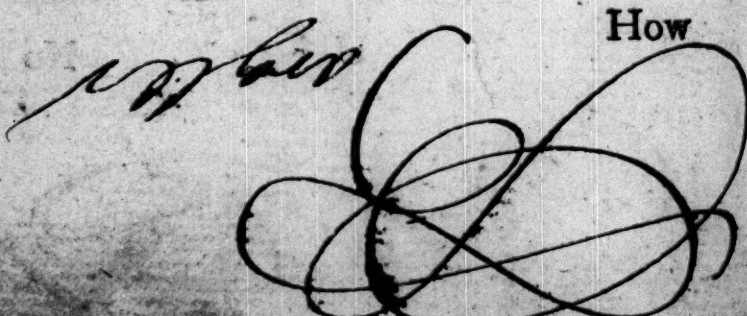
Through idleness and negligence, which induce too much trust in fortune, not only men, but cities and kingdoms have been utterly lost and destroyed.

The prosperity of wicked persons quickly turns to their destruction.

No man can be more unhappy than he who has never known adversity.

No contumely attends poverty.

An unexperienced evil is the heaviest.


How


How many forrowful occurrences do
those meet with who live long.

Reflexion is wanting to the miserable,
and yet abounds.

He who has no house is dead without
a sepulchre.

U 2 C H A P.



CHAP. IV.

Of the Vicissitude of Things.

THE whole world is nothing but a shop of change. Riches we exchange for poverty; health for sickness; pleasure for sorrow; and honours for contempt; but these changes might often be reversed, if we understood how to bargain, and were not the dupes of lust's journeymen, and pleasure's apprentices.

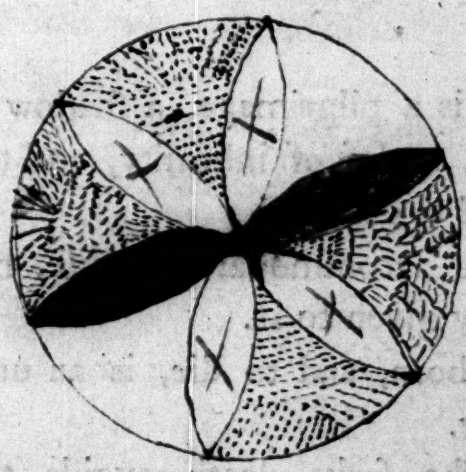
He who by change of fortune mounteth higher than he should, must arm himself with patience to descend lower than he would.

That

Power of Chance

That plant never prospereth that is
often removed; so is it with the ver-
fatile man.

Change seldom bringeth better
chance, but very often worse.



Subjects

CHAP.

Mr.

Michael

CHAP. V.

Of Life and Death.

LIFE is a pilgrimage, a shadow of joy, a glass of infirmity, and the high road to death.

Man is accommodated to life, not absolutely given to it.

To be born, and to die, is an universal law.

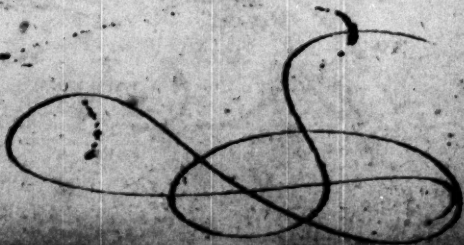
He who seeks death avoids the crimes of life.

We must once die, but not when we will.

He dies twice who dies by his own means.

No man is so old but he thinketh he may live another year.

Better



Better it is to be careful to live well, than to be desirous to live long.

They live ill, who think of living always.

Happy is the man who dies before he wishes for death.

Those who live pleasantly, die the easiest.

O life---long to the miserable, and short to the happy !

That death is happy which ends misfortunes.

How much is he to be feared who looks upon death as an advantage !

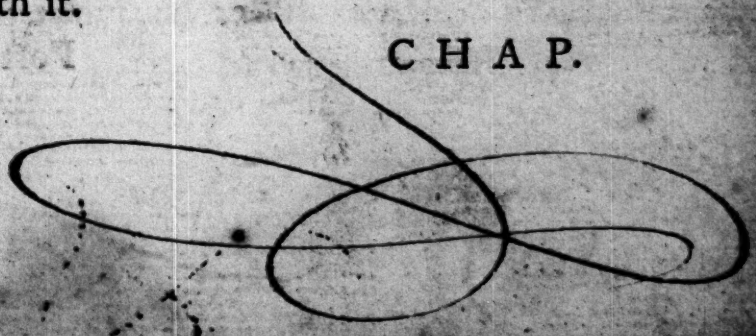
It is to die twice, to die by the command of another.

A man dies as often as he loses those who are dear to him.

It is hard for a man to live well, but very easy to die ill.

The breath that maintaineth life endeth it.

C H A P.



CHAP. VI.

Of Fortitude, and Courage.

Fortitude is the fairest fruit of a noble mind.

It is a pleasing disgrace to suffer in a good cause.

It is a pleasing disgrace which keeps one out of danger.

Boldness is useful in doubtful things.


A noble mind is never doubtful.

Danger cannot be avoided without danger.

A brave and an honest mind cannot endure calumny.

A brave man, or an happy one, can bear envy.

Fortitude



Fortitude is the medium betwixt fear and boldness.

Courage begun with deliberate constancy, and continued without change, seldom fails of success.

Courage conquers an enemy before the battle is fought.

Heat is the instrument, anger the whetstone of courage.

Courage is the champion of justice, and never ought to be exerted but in righteous actions.

Thunder terrifieth children, and menaces scare fools; but nothing dismayeth the man whose fortitude is founded in virtue.

X CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

Of Anger.

HE who rules his anger subdues
his greatest enemy.

The resentment of an honest man is
the heaviest.

Anger soon dies in a virtuous breast.

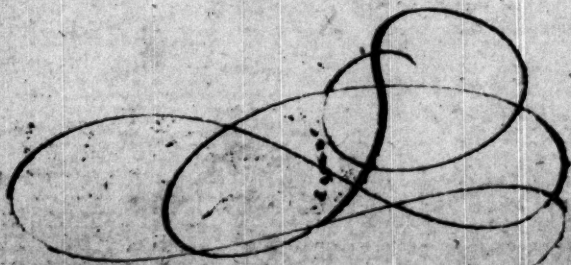
It is better to overcome by wisdom
than by anger.

A man who is angry is no longer
himself.

An angry man thinks it a crime to
take advice.

Avoid an angry man for a while, a
malicious one for ever.

Patience



Patience abused kindles into anger.

Anger and power are fatal as lighting.

It is good to disarm an angry man, not to give him a sword.

Envy is silently, but fatally enraged.

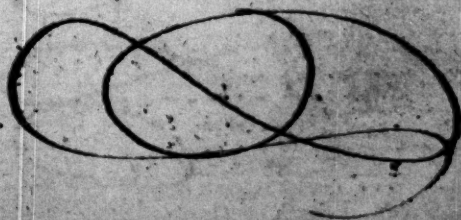
What ragingly and rashly is begun, doth challenge shame before it be half done.

Rash judgment bringeth hasty repentance.

While rage is running its course, forbear to speak; for most men in their anger are deaf to the voice of reason.

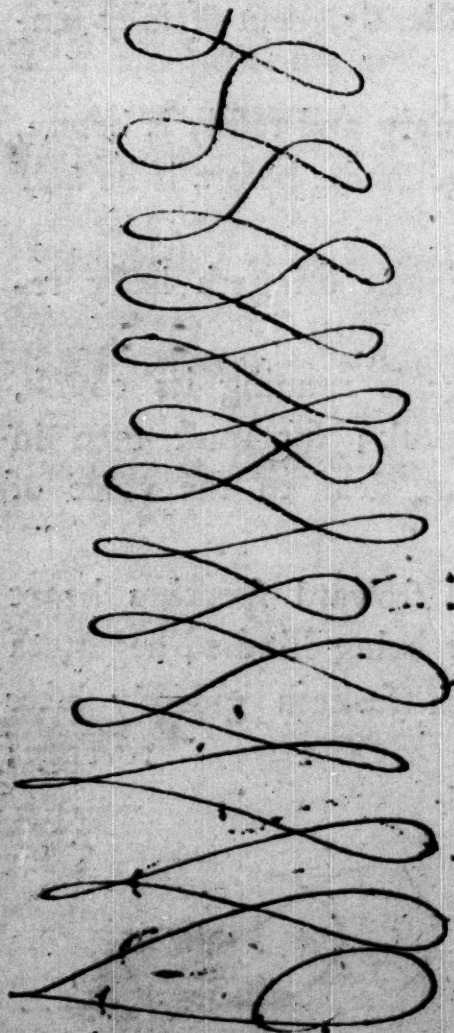
Hasty and froward speeches beget anger; anger being kindled begetteth wrath; wrath seeketh greedily after

X 2 revenge;



revenge; and revenge is seldom satisfied without bloodshed.

As he that loveth quiet sleepeth secure, so he that is subject to strife and anger is obliged to keep watch day and night against danger.



C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Severity.

SEVERITY in a good man follows justice.

An unruly patient makes a cruel physician.

Rigid justice, is the only safeguard of public tranquillity.

The judge himself stands condemned, when the guilty are pardoned.

Equity judgeth with lenity; laws with extremity.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

Of Clemency and Patience.

OBLIVION is the cure of injuries.

Behave so as that no man may justly dislike you.

Where an offender is ashamed, forgive him.


Consider your own faults, and be merciful to those who resemble you.

He triumphs twice, who can conquer a victory.

Bear great things, that you may not repine at small.

Bear what is inevitable without murmuring.

What



What is not missed, is not lost.

A good action, though it may be suppressed, cannot be extinguished.

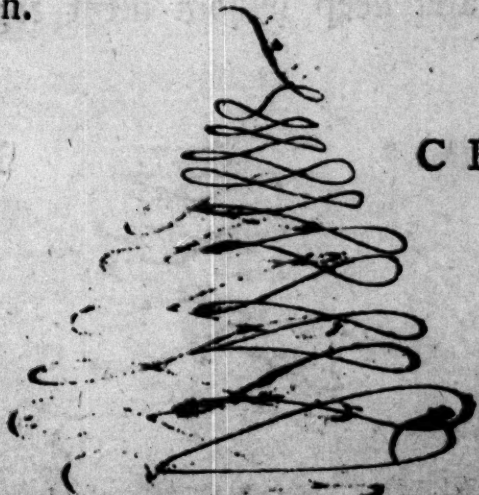
Good thoughts are not lost, though they are not practised.

The best plaister for pain is patience; and the only medicine for want is content.

Patience so strongly resembles fortitude, that she is reputed to be either her sister, or her daughter.

To be discreet in prosperity, and patient in adversity, is the true motion and effect of a virtuous and valiant mind.

It is good for a man to wish the best, to meditate upon the worst, and patiently to suffer whatsoever doth happen.



C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Of Fear.

THE only laudable fear, is that of offending God, and injuring our neighbour.

He is every day condemned, who is always in fear.

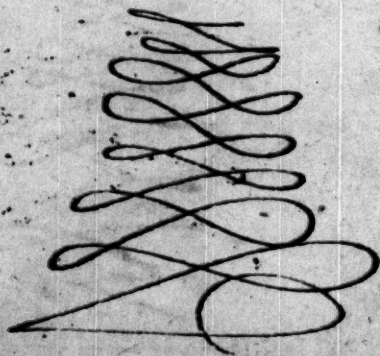
Neither stature nor strength are of any use to a fearful man.

A master who fears his servants, is more a slave than they.

How wretched is it to grow old with fear!

Fear and sleep seldom meet together.

He



He fears many, of whom many are afraid.

It is foolish to fear what cannot be avoided.

A man who fears ruin seldom meets with it.

A wise man will guard against a weak enemy.

Even an hair casts a shade.

What pleases many is kept with danger.

He who flies from the law, cannot fly from conscience.

Fear followeth hope: wherefore if thou wilt not fear, do not hope too much.

It is a mere folly for a man to fear, that which he cannot shun.

He that feareth every tempest is not fit to be a traveller.

The



C H A P. X.

Of Fear.

THE only laudable fear, is that of offending God, and injuring our neighbour.

He is every day condemned, who is always in fear.

Neither stature nor strength are of any use to a fearful man.

A master who fears his servants, is more a slave than they.

How wretched is it to grow old with fear!

Fear and sleep seldom meet together.

He



He fears many, of whom many are afraid.

It is foolish to fear what cannot be avoided.

A man who fears ruin seldom meets with it.

A wise man will guard against a weak enemy.

Even an hair casts a shade.

What pleases many is kept with danger.

He who flies from the law, cannot fly from conscience.

Fear followeth hope: wherefore if thou wilt not fear, do not hope too much.

It is a mere folly for a man to fear, that which he cannot shun.

He that feareth every tempest is not fit to be a traveller.

The



The more a man fears, the sooner he shall be hurt.

Too much fear openeth the door to desperation.

P. A. H. P.

C H A P. XI.

Of Sorrow.

IT signifies little to believe sorrow.

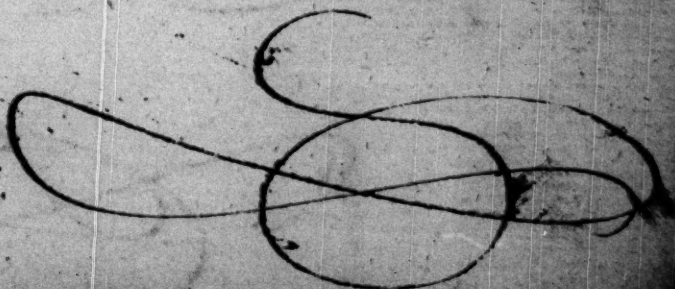
Sorrow makes the most virtuous falsify.

He is the most wretched of mortals who cannot vent himself in complaints.

Sorrow may produce advantage.

The sorrow of an enemy is a cure for our own.

Sorrow bringeth forth tears; as a tree bringeth forth fruit.



Sorrows are augmented by concealment; and smothered grief often breaketh the heart.

To lament with tears the follies of life, is profitable; but to grieve too much for worldly losses, is foolishness.

CHAP



C H A P. XII.

Of Fame and Glory.

THERE is no sweeter friend than fame, nor a worse enemy than false report.

Every rumour is believed by calamity.

It is misery to want reputation.

The glory of a former action is eclipsed by the glory of one present.

Preferment to the unworthy is so much disgrace.

A good character shines by its own light.

A good character is more valuable than riches.

It



It is no small pleasure to have a good name, and yet it is more fragile than glass; *Erasmus*.

Fame riseth up like a bubble, continueth like a shadow, and dies away in the blossom of time.

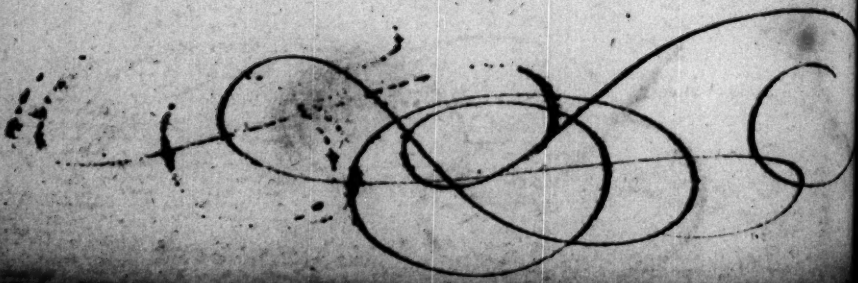
A good character is another patrimony.

How difficult it is to preserve fame.

It is better to know one's heir than to seek one.

If thou desire to be well spoken of, then learn to speak well of others; and when thou hast learnt to speak well, then learn also to do well; so shalt thou be sure to gain a worthy name.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIII.

Of Leisure and Idleness.

EXTENSION spoils a bow, relaxation the mind.


To deny one's self to one's country is to be an exile.

To do nothing is the happiness of the miserable.

A man, being idle, hath his mind apt to all uncleanness; and when the mind is void of exercise, the man is void of honesty.

Sloth loseth time, dulleth the understanding, choaketh the brain, hinders thrift, and displeaseth God. *Galen.*

Idleness



Idleness maketh of men women,
of women beasts, of beasts mon-
sters. *Homer.*

The man that passeth his life idly,
ought to lose it without pity.

Article

THOMAS

THOMAS

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

Of Benevolence and Generosity.

IT is an injury to honesty to petition for what is not fit to be granted.

Compassion lays up great advantages for itself.

The man who pities another in affliction, remembers the instability of his own condition.

He who affords assistance in prosperity, will receive it in adversity.

A truly benevolent man will know why he gives.

To offer a kindness willingly, doubles its value.

Z

He



He who gives speedily to the needy,
gives twice.

He is least deceived who is soon
denied.

It is a part of benevolence to deny
gracefully.

He receives a benefit who bestows
one on a worthy person.

When you assist the virtuous, you
lay an obligation on the whole world.

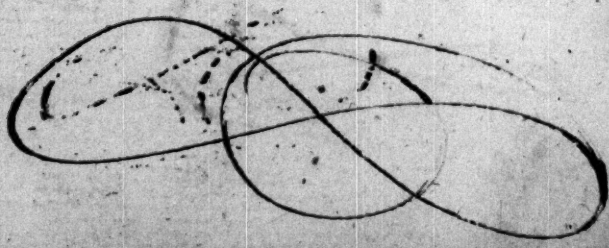
A great mind can never compliment
an error.

A benefit is valuable in proportion as
it is bestowed.

He who does not know how to give,
has no right to ask.

It is a kind of fraud to receive
what you have no prospect of re-
turning.

Bounty's



Bounty's best honour is, to help the poor; and its greatest happiness, to live in good men's thoughts.

The deeds of the liberal man do more profit the giver, than they benefit the receiver.

To receive an obligation is to sell one's liberty.

He receives the greatest number of favours who knows how to return them.

He who talks of the favours he has conferred, loses the merit of them.

To give often, silently teaches gratitude.

It signifies nothing to have been generous if you cease to be so.

Whenever you refuse assistance to those whom you have been accus-



tomed to give it, you teach them to snatch it.

To reprove, is to condemn when your help is wanted.

Reproof to those in misfortune is cruelty.

He that can give, and giveth not, is a real enemy; and he that promiseth forthwith, and delays performance, is a suspicious friend. *Aurelius.*

The best property in a monarch is, to let no man excel him in liberality. *Agefilans.*

You call a man accursed, when you call him ungrateful.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in distress.

Ungrateful men make malicious ones.

He that knoweth not how to use a benefit, doth unjustly ask it.

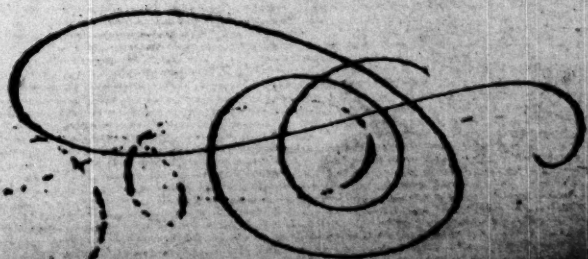
This



This is a law that should be observed
betwixt the giver and the receiver:
the one should instantly forget the
benefit he hath conferred; and the
other should always have it in remem-
brance. *Solon.*

He giveth too late, who stayeth till
he is asked. *Plautus.*

CHAP.



C H A P. XV.

Of Justice, Faith, and good Conscience.

YOU must expect to be dealt with
as you deal with others.

No one can forfeit his honour if he
never had any.

He who has lost his honour can lose
nothing more.

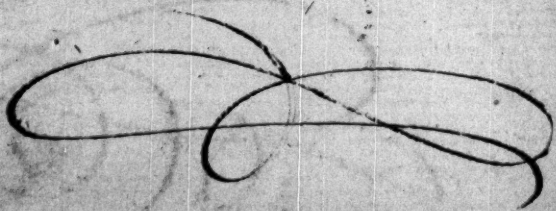
What has he to rely upon who has
broke his faith?

Honour, like life, when once lost,
never returns.

An honest man will be just even to
his enemy.

We should keep our word even with
the wicked.

Con-



Conscience is the chamber of justice. *Origen.*

A clear conscience, neither needeth any excuse, nor feareth any accusation.

Conscience beareth little or no sway, where coin is suffered to put in its plea.

A wicked conscience pursueth its master at its heels, and knoweth the time to trip him.

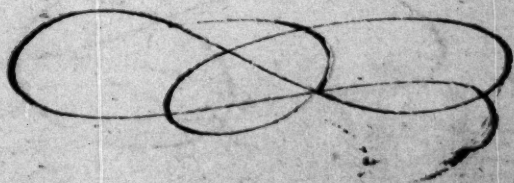
It is a bad cause which requires pity.

The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted.

None but the innocent hope for prosperity in affliction.

Justice is the badge of virtue, the staff of peace, and the maintenance of honour. *Cicero.*

He

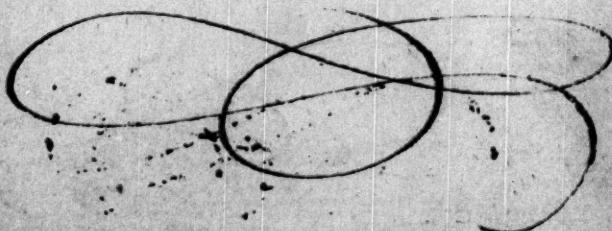


He that flieth from judgment confesseth guilt. *Aurelius.*

Fortitude without wisdom, is but rashness; wisdom without justice, is but craftiness.

Justice without temperance, is but cruelty; temperance without humanity is but the shadow of a virtue.

CHAP.



C H A P. XVI.

Of Injury and Pride.

THOSE who do an injury are the people who resent it.

He threatens many who injures one.

Even goodness changes its nature when causelessly provoked.

He will never want a reason, who desires to do an injury.

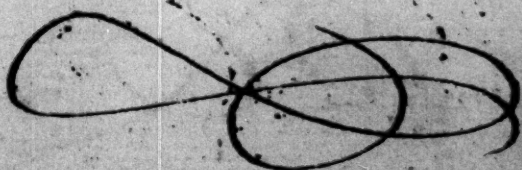
A malicious man is fed by his ill-nature.

A great crime, though but slightly mentioned, wounds the guilty.

A guilty person passes sentence on himself, the moment he commits a crime.

A a

Me-



Medicine is bad when nature fails.

The glory of the proud soon turns to shame.

That prejudice is very destructive which excludes judgment.

How miserable it is to be wronged by those of whom you dare not complain.

It is miserable to be obliged to keep in silence, what you are impatient to utter.

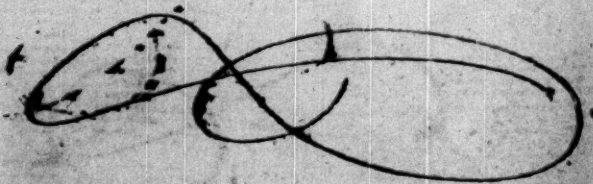
A mean person looks with horror on the crimes of the great.

The greatest power is lost by bad administration.

It is impossible that to a man of great pride, fortune should be long friendly.

Men who have their thoughts high, and their purse low, live always a pen-sive and discontented life.

Pride



Pride should be, by young men, carefully avoided; by old men utterly despised; and by all men suspected and feared. *Socrates.*

It is better to live in low content, than in high infamy; and more precious is want with honesty, than wealth with discredit.



C H A P. XVII.

Of Dissimulation, Fiction, and Lying.

IT is the greatest wickedness to imitate the words of honesty.

A villain is the more dangerous, the less he appears so.

The coward pretends to caution, the miser to frugality.

Slander is false, a lie malevolent.

Feigned things are soon detected.

All dissembled dangers are the most fatal.

A seeming friend is the worst of enemies.

A man thinks one way of himself, another of his neighbours.

The



The tears of an heir are laughter under a mask.

Successors hate the life of him whose death will prove their profit.

The eyes will never offend while reason guides them.

Age, however concealed, will shew itself.

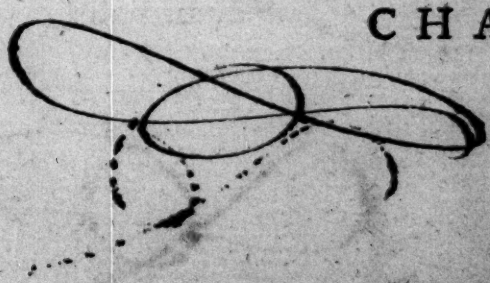
He who forgives one injury provokes another.

You doubly offend when you flatter an offender.

He injures the good who spares the wicked.

By explaining a scandal you do worse than in making one.

C H A P.



C H A P. XVIII.

Of Suspicion.

SUSPICION always paints in the darkest colours.

A smile will be reckoned an affront by the afflicted.

Let not thine heart suspect, what neither thine eyes see by proof, nor thine ears hear by report.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship. *Augustus.*

Where virtue guardeth the citadel report and suspicion may assail, but shall never take it.

Suf-



Suspicious minds never want sophistry to supply their mistrust.

Causeless suspicion, commonly occasions the suspected to do evil, though they always did well before.

*Suspicious minds never want
sophistry.*

C H A P.

[Large decorative flourish]

C H A P. XIX.

Of Custom and Experience.

TO day ought to be the disciple
of yesterday.

Poverty is the best guide to experience.

It is miserable not to know how to live without danger.

It is a troublesome pleasure that depends upon others.

The empire of custom is tyrannical.

Too great satiety of good things is a misfortune.

Experience and instruction, are the parents of perfection.

C H A P.

*At ten days after date
promise to pay*

C H A P. XX.

*Of Prudence and Sagacity in the Affairs
of Life.*

IT is a great advantage to learn what is to be avoided, by the misfortunes of other people.

A wise man corrects his own practice by the faults of others.

That ought to be long considered which can be done but once.

To deliberate on useful things is a prudent delay.

In order to conquer, war should be long consulted of.

The courage of the foldier depends on the wisdom of the general.

B b

Delay

Delay is disagreeable, but it is the parent of wisdom.

The mind that knows how to apprehend, knows best how to encounter.

One ought to consider what one may possibly lose.

No opportunity of taking heed should be lost.

He serves one most effectually, who knows how to chuse a proper opportunity to be virtuous.

It is sometimes useful to forget what one knows.

Futurity will not be pried into.

Eloquence is not without its poison.

It is good to have a deaf ear to ill reports.

It is allowable to think a man your enemy, but not to call him so.

C H A P. XXI.

Of Rashness and Folly.

IT is a grievous punishment to the mind to repent too late.

• He ensures repentance who judges rashly.

• He deserves to lose his money who bribes a judge in a bad cause.

• It is ridiculous to lose one's own innocence in furious zeal against the guilty.

• That is bad counsel which cannot be altered.

• It is better to be slighted, than to be ruined by one's own folly.

Easiness of temper borders upon folly.

He who is at expence about the dead, does not enrich them, but impoverishes himself.

He abuses the absent, who quarrels with a drunken man.

He is vain in old age, who endeavours to recall youth.

He is a foolish patient, who makes his physician his heir.

He who ventures a second shipwreck has no reason to complain of Neptune.

You excite them to leave you, whom you keep against their inclination.

Evil dispositions need no tutors.

The importunate and the fool are brothers children. *Aurelius.*

Late wit and unfruitful wisdom, are the next neighbours to folly.

It

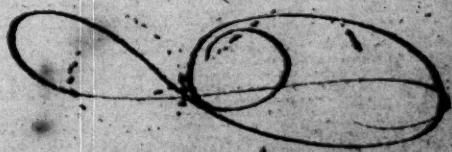


It is a common imperfection to commit folly, but an extraordinary perfection to amend it.

Fire is to be quenched in the spark; weeds are to be rooted out; but folly is to be crushed in the bud.

Among the foolish, he is the greatest fool, who knowing little, yet would seem to know much. *Augustine.*

C H A P.



C H A P. XXII.

Of Ambition and Desire.

O THER people's possessions please us, and ours please other people.

What we get by wishing is foreign to our felicity.

He who can do more than he ought, desires more than he should.

Greediness in riches is but improved poverty.

To curb our desires is to conquer a kingdom.

Luxury and glory have no friendship together.

Content

Content makes men angels, but pride
makes them devils.

To covet much is misery; to live
content with sufficiency is earthly fe-
licity.

C H A P. XXIII.

Of Avarice.

SOME things are wanting to poverty, but all things are wanting to avarice.

Many things are wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

A miser wants what he has, as well as what he has not.

A miser grieves more at misfortune than a wise man.

What can you wish worse to a miser than long life?

A miser is good to no man, but most cruel to himself.

A miser is as stupid and
wile for him as ever

A miser does nothing right, but when
he dies.

A miser is the cause of his own mi-
fery.

You may easily out-wit a miser, if
you are not one yourself.

W. B. of your pleasure
With you Com in

Jan

Miser 127. N. H. King

C c

C H A R

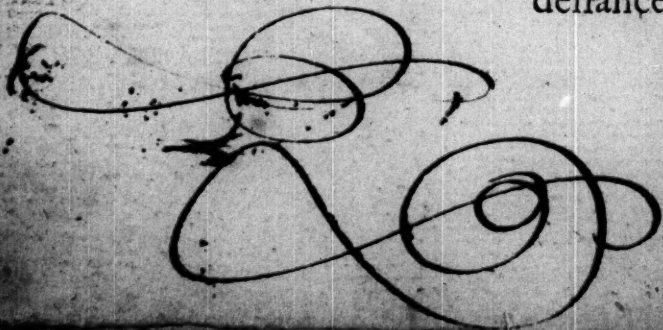
C H A P. XXIV.

Of Gaming.

EVERY gamester is either a knave or a fool.

Gaming at cards and dice, is an ingenious kind of theft, whereby much more is gained than by common thieving, for the robber only strippeth a man of what he has about him, but the gamester often despoils a man of his whole estate or fortune: the cunning of the one exalts him to a chariot, of the other to the gallows.

A gamester by profession is a beast of prey, whom every human being should avoid; for he sets humanity at defiance,



defiance, and can reduce his neighbour to nakedness, hunger and sickness without emotion.

As a dead carcass in an open field is a prey to all kinds of vermin, so is an honest man to a gambler.

Of all species of gaming in a commercial country, that of lotteries is the worst.

F I N I S.

